

*Pro.* And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:  
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,  
Especially against his very friend.

*Du.* Where your good word cannot aduantage him,  
Your slander neuer can endamage him;  
Therefore the office is indifferent,  
Being intreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it  
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,  
She shall not long continue loue to him:  
But say this weede her loue from *Valentine*,  
It followes not that she will loue fir *Thurio*.

*Th.* Therefore, as you vniwinde her loue from him;  
Least it should rauell, and be good to none,  
You must prouide to bottome it on me:  
Which must be done, by praising me as much  
As you, in worth dispraise, fir *Valentine*.

*Du.* And *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,  
Because we know (on *Valentine's* report)

You are already loues firme votary,  
And cannot soone reuolt, and change your minde.  
Vpon this warrant, shall you haue access,  
Where you, with *Silvia*, may confere at large.  
For she is lumpish, heavy, mellancholly,  
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;  
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,  
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can doe, I will effect:  
But you fir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough:  
You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires  
By walefull Sonnets, whose compos'd Rimes  
Should be full fraught with seruiceable vowes.

*Du.* I much is the force of heauen-bred Poetic.

*Pro.* Say that vpon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart:  
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares  
Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,  
That may discouer such integrity:  
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,  
Whose golden touch could soften Steele and stones;  
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leuiathans*  
Forake vnfounded deepes, to dance on Sands.  
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,  
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window  
With some sweet Confort; To their Instruments  
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead silence  
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:  
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

*Du.* This discipline, shewes thou hast bin in loue.

*Th.* And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practise:  
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giuer,  
Let vs into the City presently  
To sort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke.  
I haue a Sonnet, that will serue the turne  
To giue the on-set to thy good aduise.

*Du.* About it Gentlemen.

*Pro.* We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,  
And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Du.* Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.*  
1. *Out-l.* Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2. *Out.* If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em.  
3. *Out.* Stand fir, and throw vs that you haue about ye.  
If not: we'll make you fir, and rifle you.

*Sp.* Sir we are vndone; these are the Villaines  
That all the Trauailers doe feare so much.

*Val.* My friends.

1. *Out.* That's not so, fir: we are your enemies.

2. *Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.

3. *Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.

*Val.* Then know that I haue little wealth to loose;

A man I am, cross'd with aduersitie:  
My riches, are these poore habiliments,  
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,  
You take the sum and substance that I haue.

2. *Out.* Whether trauell you?

*Val.* To *Verona*.

1. *Out.* Whence came you?

*Val.* From *Milaine*.

3. *Out.* Haue you long sojourn'd there? (staid,

*Val.* Some sixteene moneths, and longer might haue

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

*Val.* I was.

2. *Out.* For what offence?

*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse;  
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent,  
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,  
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1. *Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done so;

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doome.

2. *Out.* Haue you the Tongues?

*Val.* My youthfull traualle, therein made me happy,  
Or else I often had bene often miserable.

3. *Out.* By the bare scalpe of *Robin Hood's* fat Fryer,  
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

1. *Out.* We'll haue him: Sirs, a word.

*Sp.* Master, be one of them:

It's an honourable kinde of theeuery.

*Val.* Peace villaine.

2. *Out.* Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?

*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.

3. *Out.* Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen,  
Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth  
Thrust from the company of awfull men.  
My selfe was from *Verona* banished,  
For practising to steale away a Lady,  
And heire and Neece, aliue vnto the Duke.

2. *Out.* And I from *Manthua* for a Gentleman,  
Who, in my moode, I stab'd vnto the heart.

1. *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these,

But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,  
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues;

And partly seeing you are beautifide

With goodly shape; and by your owne report,

A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,

As we doe in our quality much want.

2. *Out.* Indeepe because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, about the rest, we parley to you:

Are you content to be our Generall?

To make a vertue of necessity,

And liue as we doe in this wilderness?

3. *Out.* What saist thou? wilt thou be of our confort?

Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:

We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1. *Out.*

1. *Out.* But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.

2. *Out.* Thou shalt not liue, to brag what we haue of.

*Val.* I take your offer, and will liue with you, (fer'd.

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women, or poore passengers.

3. *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practises.

Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes;

And show thee all the Treasure we haue got;

Which, with our selues, all rest at thy disposal.

*Val.* Then know that I haue little wealth to loose;

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Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1. *Out.*

And being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to *Silvia*, let vs sing,

That *Silvia* is excellently;

She excels each mortall thing

Vpon the dull earth dwelling.

To her let vs Garlands bring.

*Ho.* How now? are you sadder then you were before;  
How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.

*In.* You mistake: the Musician likes me not.

*Ho.* Why, my pretty youth?

*In.* He plaies false (father.)

*Ho.* How, out of tune on the strings.

*In.* Not so: but yet

So false that he grieues my very heart-strings.

*Ho.* You haue a quicke eare. (heart.

*In.* I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a slow

*Ho.* I perceiue you delight not in Musique.

*In.* Not a whit, when it iars so.

*Ho.* Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.

*In.* I: that change is the spight.

*Ho.* You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.

*In.* I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.

But *Ho*, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,

Often resort vnto this Gentlewoman?

*Ho.* I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,

He lou'd her out of all nicke.

*In.* Where is *Launce*?

*Ho.* Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his

Masters command, hee must carry for a present to his

Lady.

*In.* Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

*Pro.* Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will so pleade,

That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

*Th.* Where meete we?

*Pro.* At Saint *Gregories* well.

*Th.* Farewell.

*Pro.* Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiship.

*Sil.* I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)

Who is that that spake?

*Pro.* One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,

You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.

*Sil.* Sir *Protheus*, as I take it,

*Pro.* Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.

*Sil.* What's your will?

*Pro.* That I may compass your.

*Sil.* You haue your wish: my will is euen this,

That presently you hie you home to bed:

Thou subtil, periur'd, false, disloyall man:

Think'ft thou I am so shallow, so conceitelesse,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That has't deceiu'd so many with thy vowes?

Returne, returne, and make thy loue amends:

For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)

I am so farre from granting thy request,

That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;

And by and by intend to chide my selfe,

Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee.

*Pro.* I grant (sweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,

But she is dead.

*In.* 'Twere false, if I should speake it;

For I am sure she is not buried.

*Sil.* Say that she be: yet *Valentine* thy friend

Survives; to whom (thy selfe art witness)

I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd

To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

*Pro.*